



from “Bell-ringing”

...The attainment of perfect rest
is when chaos is held on a point ;
and poised, just so,
the moment cups you.

Here in the waiting room I am cupped.
I am held aloft.
My poise is perfect here.
I am almost flying.

Rogan Wolf

Written following conversations with the wife of someone with long-term mental health problems. Reprinted here by permission.

Poems for... Self at Sea

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